

THE BULL



SPECIAL SENIOR ISSUE

Peabody Veterans' Memorial High School, Peabody, Mass.

May 30, 1972

Bull Seeks Response, No Reply



Unfortunately The Bull received only a cross section of completed senior questionnaires limiting the expression of the students. Those who did take the time to speak out on various issues expressed their major to be on apathy.

Apathy has been discussed to the point of apathy on the subject but it still seems to be a principal factor concerning people today. Those few beings who endeavored to answer the unanswerable should be openly commended for the effort and sincerely thanked by The Bull for attempting to make the Senior issue a success.

This is only a random sampling of the questionnaires we did receive but hopefully it will give you an idea of the feelings of the Class of 1972.

Respectfully,
Elizabeth Wallenius
Editor-in-chief

1. What do you get or lost out of your years at P.H.S.?

"I think I got a lot, as far as knowledge goes, and most of my teachers were pretty good. But I feel as if I've been gyped in my senior year. It's been depressing and I can't wait to get out. Isn't the senior year supposed to be the best year? It's been the worst for me, and I can't put my finger on the reason."

"I got radical and stopped being conservative."

"I got first hand info on how NOT to run a school. I finally learned how to play wist! I also learned to crochet and made 2 pocketbooks."

"My sense of identity as a human being. now I feel like a number, and after that, a stupid teenager who thinks she knows everything, but really nothing at all."

2. What other things have you experienced outside or inside school have influenced your life?

"My job because it teaches you what people are really like, church- it gives you something to believe in and it helps you never give up hope."

"My girlfriend and Archie Bunker"

"Private!"

"I feel my tutoring years (soph and jr.) have influenced me a great deal. I realize the great difference between in a class learning, and out of class and learning."

Stephen Boulakes

3. What was your most valuable course taken?

"Gym, I am now a 'he-man'!"

"English 11 with Miss Berthiaume, 'the only teacher in this school'!"

"Senior Lounge, it wasn't a required subject."

4. Are there any other courses you would have liked to have seen offered here?

"I would like to see courses that the students want to take not what's forced on them. That's why a lot of the subjects here are failures."

"The courses offered are either a success or failure depending on the teachers."

"Failure because student participation is at absolute minimum."

5. Do you think the administration is really trying to improve the atmosphere of the school?

"No, they contribute to the emptiness."

"part of the administration seems to be for change but not the majority."

YEARBOOK NEWS

It is really no secret that this year The META has been beset by a great many problems, many of which, it seemed, were unprecedented in magnitude. Yet I can confidently predict that a yearbook of superior quality will roll off the presses this August.

We have approximately twenty staff members, each of who has set forth an effort without which we could not hope to produce a yearbook. I would like to acknowledge not only the members of the editorial and advertising staffs, but everyone who has put time into the META, including students, administrators, clerks and faculty members.

One of the problems we encountered was a communications gap between our staff and the general student body. For every individual student, there is a distinct concept of a "good yearbook." Even within our staff we have a great variety of opinions--too many, in fact, to accommodate for them all. It is an unfortunate fact, but a fact nevertheless, that we cannot compromise and produce a yearbook that is satisfactory in every respect to 636 students.

The traditional problems--time and money--did not fail the 1972 META, either. Our staff was formed late in October, necessitating adoption of the "fall delivery" plan. By

having our yearbooks delivered in August rather than ordering the tradition June edition with an August supplement, we extended our working time by about three months at a time when this was critical. There are still incidents that require staff members to donate a great deal of their time at short notice, however. Yet it all leads to great satisfaction when the work is done.

The money needed to produce one edition of the META is equivalent to that required for a good college education. The META is totally self-sufficient, receiving no funds or materials from the school department. Support from the Senior Class treasury, we must remember, is support from the students themselves, and must, therefore, be used discreetly. The financial limitations of The META dictate its editorial policy, precluding use of color photographs and restricting the number of pages, which eliminates many of the "extras" we might otherwise enjoy.

On behalf of the META staff, I would like to wish all members of the Senior Class the very best in the future.

Respectfully submitted,

Michael Goldman, Editor

SENIOR THOUGHTS

The transition from a senior in high school to a freshman in college is only a matter of a few months. With it go the varied changes marked by this high school that could leave most students floundering throughout their four year college education. What am I talking about? It seems that a person sixteen or seventeen years old should be treated like a young adult, instead of a sibling fool, like most of the students (maybe "prisoners" would be a better word) are treated in this institution, known as a "school". How can the great learning process go on when one is constantly being persecuted by an indignant teacher or Unit director.

The entire system of this school is wrapped around miles of red tape, which only gets worse when you make waves. Sign in here; get a pass there--it's enough to actually drive a person out of his mind. Like I said before, the transition from high school to college is one of only a few months, so why are the future adults of tomorrow treated like the imbecilic simpletons of yesterday? To call a spade a spade is one thing, but to treat a reasonably mature person as a child is no solution to the problem. In short, this school is going nowhere, and neither are the students.

Sagacity's Child

Voting has shown that 69% of the senior class wanted superlatives in their yearbook. Many students, however, did not know that superlatives meant having some cute face from the "Groovy Goup" as most athletic, most likely to succeed, etc; to look back on ten years from now. But the same 69% of the class did not vote for the superlatives they initially voted in last January. Out of a graduating class of 636, roughly 200 people voted in the balloting passed around English classes that month. Many ballots, about half of the total received, were left blank or treated as a joke. This is what the 1972 Meta staff was trying to eliminate when they agreed on a change of no superlatives. Some students violently opposed the decision. The fact still remains that the majority of the seniors did not care one way or the other.

When voting time came around, this apathetic majority went along with whoever in their classes happened to sway them, impervious to any of the Meta staff's attempt of the CHANGE, which happens to be the theme of the yearbook.

The final name voting for superlatives was disastrous. Take as an example a senior who was voted in as "done for class". The person involved won because thirty four people voted for him/her. Does this mean he/she has done most for a class of 636? No! The idea of superlatives, has been another flop and should be altogether abolished in future years.

B.J. Teshko

Unit directors must be commended for the fine job they do at Peabody Veterans Memorial High School. The work of the unit director, or "house mother" is difficult and involved. It also requires a great deal of training.

It takes a very well-trained intelligent man to track down school skippers, class cutters and detention truants.

The unit directors must also have good command of the English language. This ability to speak well comes in handy the unit director phones a student's home. It is necessary for the directors to sound educated when interrogating parents. The questions asked are very important and even urgent. It is often necessary for the unit directors to interrupt parents at work.

In between phone calls, checking up and tracking down the unit director is able to find time for patrolling the corridors. This patrolling is necessary and important to the safety and well being of the student body.

It is clearly evident that Peabody Veterans Memorial High School could not function, at least would not function in the same manner without our unit directors.

Kmb

****TELEPHONE****

Leisure Link--Dial an event

Project Rap
531-3166

Rescue, Incorporated
(suicide)-- 426-6600

Dial-a-Prayer
927-1900

Dial-a-Message
599-0995

Alcoholic's Anonymous--
227-1236

Poison and Drug Information Center-- 232-2120

Free Meal and Drop-In Center-- Old West Church, 131 Cambridge Street, Boston. Celebration for the street community every Monday. 5--midnight. Help for hassles. 227-5088

Anyone knowing anymore important phone numbers, please contact the BULL office.



May TUESDAY- 31	June WEDNESDAY- 1	June THURSDAY- 2	June FRIDAY- 3	June SUNDAY- 4
9am-Graduation Rehearsal in Field House 11am-2pm Cookout	Senior Reception	9am Graduation Rehearsal in Field House	12-noon-1pm skating 2-3pm same 6:30pm Senior Banquet	Graduation Day

I love today

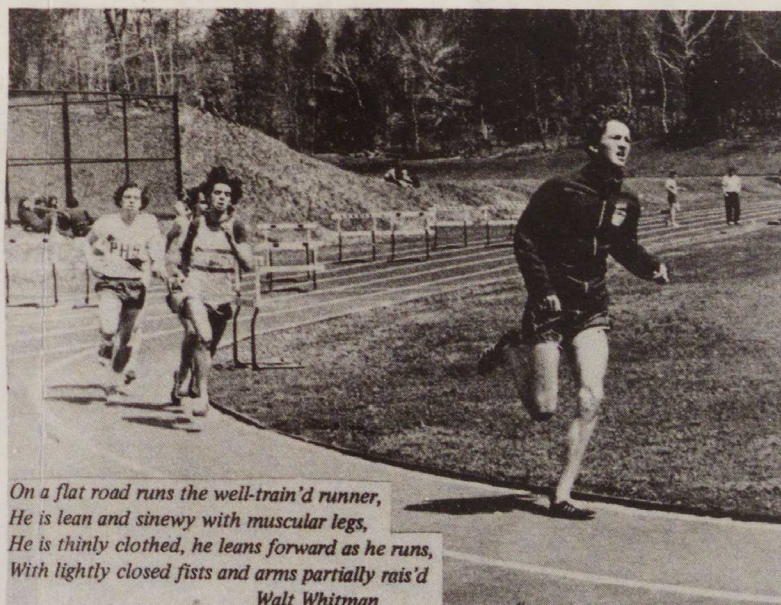
Love is the only thing that can save any of us these days. School is a hassle and people are getting on your nerves. Life is not all rosy and senior year is not all that it is cracked up to be. Maybe it's just that you are beginning to realize things that were never clear before or things that you thought weren't important. Now the old saying comes into play- "Life is not all lollipops and roses."

But thinking this all over, it may be easier to see that you cannot always make it on your own. People

need other people-- they need help, they need reassurance, and most of all they need love! It will never hurt to give a little love away-- it can only help other people.

A great number of people these days are only interested in getting for themselves. In a way, I think that it gives them a sense of false security. This is no way to live! Life is hard enough without making it difficult for others. So give some love away TODAY!

Mary Sharry



On a flat road runs the well-train'd runner,
He is lean and sinewy with muscular legs,
He is thinly clothed, he leans forward as he runs,
With lightly closed fists and arms partially rais'd
Walt Whitman

is it all worth it?

You've got five college applications to do. You must think why you want to attend these famous "institutions of higher learning." Next, it's scholarship time. You suddenly discovered that dear 'ole Dad's not as rich. "What-how could it be?--We always had steak three times a week and a new Easter coat every year." Too bad you didn't study for that history mid-year back in the ninth grade. Too bad you got through geometry on "brownie points". Too bad you wasted \$10.00 on that sweater you didn't need.

Then it's hassle, hassle, hassle with Mom & Dad, your teachers, the newspaper, your guidance counselor and your own head.

Now you begin to wonder-

is it really?

Too many people think of love as the prize in a box of Cracker Jacks. They are physically attracted to someone, and there it is-what they regard as love.

There are a thousand different ways to make yourself believe you are in love. It makes you "feel" good-like food, sleep, and such. But you cannot love someone until you learn how to

is it all worth it? All those vocabulary words memorized, all those times you did extra math problems, that time you spent the whole weekend doing that bookreport? Why did you do it all?

The answer is automatic-to get marks so your favored institution of higher learning will accept you. And why are you attending this "institution of higher learning"? So you can make it in this giant world! And will you? Your guess is as good as mine!

Mary Sharry

like. "I love you" is far too easy to say before you can really like and care for someone-as a human being and not as an object of your affections. The absence of hate is often confused with the presence of love. But only from liking can real love emerge

Sue Brothers '72
Lynn English

APATHY

The apathy in school is not directed at seniors only. When the good weather comes, the epidemic spreads to all classes. But it is only the seniors who are at the most disadvantage. Because of our apathy there is no joy in the anticipation or planning of end of the year activities---the reception, the banquet or graduation.

There are 636 of us but only a handful are willing to work to think up ideas for our enjoyment during senior week or looking at our yearbook. It's apathy that makes everyone start complaining. They complain they have no say in their yearbook, they have no say in where graduation will be held, so why bother supporting them? But I am sure these people will still be complaining at the realization of what is being done when they see it. But do these seniors care enough to take action?

I don't see why all of us seniors can't get together and make our last weeks memorable for

everyone. Maybe I'm too idealistic. The class of '72 has to be the most diversified yet. Six hundred thirty six minds of creativity, talent and as many different ideas, and yet we look forward to our last weeks of seeing each other and think "I can't wait to get this all over with."

We should be able to enjoy a few days to their fullest. Has anyone forgotten that many of us will never see each other again? Hard to believe when you think of it. But it's true that a lot of us won't keep in touch even if we say we will. We were never a close-knit group. We were to diversified for that. And so it seems that at reunion time we won't care enough to unite if we can't start now.

It's all so sad...

B.J. Teshko



Graduation Day?

It happens but once in a lifetime, so I'm told, this miracle of High School Graduation. It's a tradition perpetuated by sentimental old aunts and grandmothers who are drawn to a place of graduation like swallows are drawn to Capestrano.

A graduation is actually a procedure by which we don odd-looking costumes with cute little blue-and-white tassles and other assorted memorabilia hanging down in front of our noses. By doing so, we are entitled to sit in the scorching mid-June sun to hear a distinguished-looking window-washer who knows the Superintendent of Schools talk to a crowd of whimpering mothers, stiffed-neck fathers, and bored semi-educated juveniles for six and a half hours about the grave responsibilities we are undertaking to make sure that our children and all the generations to come might be able to undergo the same form of brutal torture. Heaven forbid!

Throughout the eight-day all encompassing extravaganza, we are treated to the thrills and spills of valedictorian and salutatorian speeches, in which a teary-eyed intellectual-to-be recollects all the heart-warming adventures that we shared together in the hallowed

halls of "home away from home." They call to our attention the way the principle round up his hoof-in-mouth infested flock, only to then throw them into a huge inferno, for their own good.

The undisputed highlight of the festival is when each individual gets to hear his name called out over the faulty-wired public address system. That is the moment that your drunk uncle stands up, waves his moth-eaten Confederate flag, and screams at the top of his ailing lungs, "Well boy, it's been a long, rough battle, but you finally made it." Coincidentally, but not ironically, that is the same moment you sink in your chair and mutter some inaudible obscenity about your uncle. The other three people in the audience of twenty thousand who have ever heard your name suddenly either bawl like a boy who has found his lost dog or lean over to the person next to him and say with a gleam of pride in his eye, "My God, my legs are sticking to the chair like it was made of fly-paper."

Upon hearing your name, you stand up, crawl over thirty seven other graduates, try to walk down the aisle with all the stately grace you muster, then trip and fall on the bottom step leading up to the stage. After trying to

make everyone think that your mishap was one of your many zany antics (remember, you were elected class clown?) you reach the stage, shake hands with the principal, three unit directors, the guidance counselors, the office secretaries, and the representative of Proctor & Gamble who sold your school three and a half tons of used soap slime (collected from the soap trays), you are greeted by a smiling gentleman who introduces himself as the mayor and hands you a bronze-gilded 8 by 10 glossy black and white piece of paper that has neatly

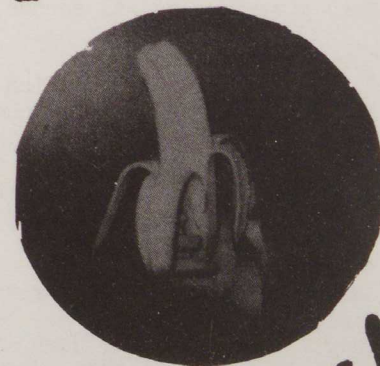
inscribed on it "Please report to Room A1203-b to receive further instructions." For lack of anything else to say, you smile graciously and say, "Thankyou, sir," and then return to the warped folding chair until the end of the formal ceremony.

Room A1203-b, you soon find out is the place where you went to skip class on the second day of school in your sophomore year. (It is now appropriate to remove the eyeglasses and wipe them of the nostalgic mist that has rapidly collected on them. You step to the end of the line and very slowly approach a table at the opposite end of the room. When you finally get there, the school nurse, who reminds your father of his old drill

sargent, tenderly asks, "Name." After searching in a box for ten minutes, she hands you the proverbial Diploma. It is a piece of brown paper bag on which has been neatly scrawled in Crayolas, "This certifies that the holder has graduated." (It is now appropriate for your heart to swell with pride.) You take your proverbial diploma home, throw it in the bottom drawer of your desk, and frame your bronze-gilded 8 by 10 glossy instruction sheet above the mantle next to your first piece of Mom's apple pie.

Bill Smith

BYE



EVERYONE!

Nancy

PERSONALS



Dear S.C. & D.M.
Run Run Run! See
how the 3 stooges
run.

Yours truly

Rick,
I love you.
Holly
OXOXO

What side of the chicken
has the most feathers?--
Ans.--the outside
What part of London is
in China?--
Ans.--the letter "N"
Stout,
Hear is a VERB for you.
M.C.

Hi!
To all my friends skip-
ing 4th period.

P.S. Sheilah, how's B.C.?
That was some party
eh?
Chinky

B.A.
Senior banquet. We'll
get you there...
The body snatchers

**Mock
the
jock**

They think they're gods
That bunch of clods
Known as Football Players.
They walk around
Like they own the ground
And crave admiring stares.

They stalk the halls
Creating brawls,
Stopped by no authority.
Wherever they go
They put on a show
And seem to be a majority.

When one gets in trouble
They act like his double
Right behind him all the way.
Their might they assert
Like pigs in the dirt
Or cows in a field of hay.

In the place where they eat
Are their own special seats,
Known aptly as the "jock table".
If perchance it's invaded
It soon will be raided
By those who invented the
label.

In the Lounge for seniors
Begin misdemeanors
Of many by these players profound.
They sit playing cards
And act like retards,
Making various animal sounds.

Ture, they are parasites
Heightened in their childish plights
By people like leaders of cheers.
They're respected for what they do,
Rejected by only a few
Even when they've had a few beers.

Too dumb to graduate
They seem to infatuate
Some people who named them "stars."
Forever the same
They'll stay in their game
Cause jocks is all that
they are.

B.J. Teshko

Hey Marion:
How is Godfrey, Steven,
John, Neil, Mike, Peter, Donna,
Sharlene, Dianne?
This is a secret-
make sure it gets in.
Someone 4th period likes
Someone else 4th period.
Adam Ant, you would never
have caught me if I didn't
stop. You sure run fast,
but I'm faster
Super Fly

For my Birthday I got a big
surprise. I had lots of cake
but didn't want any icecream.
I sure am glad you give out
nice birthday presents.
Or I wouldn't be able to use
the L.P. you gav' me.
S.L.

Hey P.M.
I was talking to her,
and she said she liked you
too. So, why don't you do
something?

Knows you Both

Hey Sue:
If you keep bumming rides
your hands are going to fall
off. Isn't Provincetown a
long way to thumb with two
other freaks?

J.R.D.

Happy Aniversarey
To K. Spoffo and to
her Italian boy friend
Cush

Arnold
Three isn't much
The Panic

Judy,
You asked for rain--
boy, did you ever get it.
40 days worth.
a friend

Hey, Janis Joplin Freaks!
Good listening--"Jan-
is Joplin in Concert"
From Sue "72"

Brian,
Thank you for the birth-
day present.
Sue "72"

Hey girls on stairway #10
Don't you have anything
better to do?
A step walker

To EAD--it's the
thought that counts
IVD

To RAS
My one and only---
I'm sad and lonely
MEDW

This can of FIXATIVE is
ours!!!!!!

To Anyone Who
who is interested
in meeting a person
with a golden brown
hamster and a bunch
of tropical fish
please come to the
news paper office
and contact the future
editor, Peggy Powell.
P.S. She also has a
golden brown bassid
hound.

" The streets of our
country are in turmoil.
The Universities are fill-
ed with students rebelling
and rioting. Communists
are seeking to destroy our
country. Russia is threat-
ening us with her might.
And the republic is in
danger. Yes-danger from
within and without. We
need law and order!...
Without law and order
our nation can not survive...
Adolph Hitler-1932

The Bull is going to miss,
LIZ, IRENE, ED, MARY, JEN
B.J., AND EPSTIEN.
Also the great times we
all had fourth period.
Gene

Hey Liz--it was as much
fun as gobs of rubber
cement but I'll never
do it again.---Barb

Thanks

Liz
Barb
Eddie
Mary
Jennifer
Kathy
and
me



SEE BERT RUN. RUN BERT RUN.

To Corvette and 'Stang Owners:
Beware the orange and black
stripe Duster 340.

J.V.II

Hey Brian--
How's Skinny and Nervous
lately? Liz and Donna? Judy
and Bobby? Not to mention
the town drunk T.V.

Right, Brian?

Does anybody like that Cheerio's
commercial where they sing
Good Morning?

Don't ya wish it was still
school boy hockey season?

A Fan

Wanted: one Poinisy just for
me. ME

Hey Cathy M.,
What's the difference
between a chicken?

Your Buddy Old Pal

B.C.
You should take a blunt
hint. Don't you think F add
Kare getting friendly? Why
don't you forget about him?
There are plenty of us who
wouldn't mind having you.
Think about it.

A Friend who Cares

For Sale--
Imported from the Congo-
darkest parts of Africa-
The original shrunken heads
Comes complete with set of
instructions. Contact the
posted locker in C-House.

Sue '72

Hooray for the track team
They're great!

Hey Stoutford-
you lie
we've been waiting for these
Barf Bags since we were soph-
omores. You only have a few
hours left.

The girl From Heaven
J.J.

**more
thoughts**

In reading and talking
to certain people lately,
a certain thing has stood
out in my mind. I think
that it is about time that
it comes to the attention
of others. This being the
role religion plays in our
lives.

Too many people today think
that all matters have a sci-
entific explanatoin, all
ailments can be cured by
means of medicine, and all
discoveries are man-made.
Taking time to think about
this, I am sure that you
will find that this is not
the case.
Many psychiatrists are try-
ing to get to the root of
the problem. Don't they
realize that God has put
us all here for a purpose
and all th treatment and
psychotherapy won't help
a bit if god isn't willing?
Or perhaps if you really
want something badly? All
the wishing in the world
isn't going to get you
anywhere without a little
help from God.

I think that it' time
that we stop living in a
world of pseudo-awareness
and really get going!
Remember what you learned
when you were a little kid?
God is your freind! And like
they say, "I get high with a
little help from my friends!"
Mary Sharry "72"